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THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY
T. C. FITZ GIBBON.

Listen! listen to the drumming,
And the bugle and the humming,
Of the patriots who're coming
From their Western homes afar.

Hearken! hearken to the rattle,
And the tramp, the rush, the battle,
Where brave men like slaughter'd cattle,
Perish in this "cruel war."

Our gallant Ro-cerans, God guarded,
Find his aids have disregarded
Orders that, obey'd, had warranted
Against the charge of Hail and Bill.

Our columns reel! the left is sunder'd!
The right falls back! it is outnumber'd,
But from the center back is thunder'd
Death, destruction—defiance still!

They lie, they kneel, they stand upright,
Determined to hold the hill till night,
And under Thomas resolve to fight
On the red graves!

"Stand firm ye heroes!" the general cried,
"Freedom's at stake, right's on our side."
"Charge! we'll pay them back in kind!"
These Eastern Braves!

Now the hill sides and the valleys,
Are strewn o'er with Bragg's dead allies,
Laggard, slacker, vainly rushing
The F. F. V's that were so proud!

Indignant Heaven! it is appalling
To behold them trampled, sprawling,
Whilst each dying soldier's calling
For that aid which can't be found.

For Bragg or Davis freemen care not
If both perish, for either dare not
To emancipate, then share not
With 'em your deep sympathy.

They will fight that battle over,
And from it neither will recover,
Then of freedom each true lover
Will rejoice exultingly.

Arise! ye sons of West and N. England,
Of Erin, Germany, Hungary, Poland:
Arise! Columbia falls to land,
If disunited she e'er be.

Arise! ye slaves! and burst a-under,
The chains that long have kept you under,
And 'bove the roaring cannon's thunder
Raise the cry of Liberty.

Columbia, Tenn., Oct. 1863.

* Late news from Richmond confirm the re-
port that Davis has determined to arm all the
slaves in the South. When they fight it should
be for their liberation from chains and slavery.

Our Melange.

The Defeat of the Polish Chief Lelewel.

The special correspondent of the
London Times, in a letter dated Cra-
cow September 14, says:

Lelewel's defeat appears to have
been a most disastrous affair. It
is reported here, a few days after
the battle, that though Lelewel had
been either dangerously wounded or
killed the detachment had not been
destroyed, that the chief com-
mand had not been given to Gre-
wicz (who led the Poles at the
fair of Szkalry, close to Cracow,
right on Easter Sunday,) and that
still held its ground. The sad
fact is that not only Lelewel him-
self but also two-thirds of his officers
fell in the battle, and that the de-
tachment in general, after much
and fighting, had been dispersed
with great loss of life. The bands of

insurgents which enter Russian terri-
tory from Galicia meet, if they pass
the frontier under evilly unfavor-
able circumstances, with the fate of
Jordun's and Wysocki's detachments,
and are beaten back forthwith. If
however, they are very determined,
and are very well led—for numbers
seem to have little to do with the
matter, and providence in this war
has not been always on the side of
the *gros bataillons*—they fight their
way into the country, and then, at
last, the *gros bataillons* really tell
upon them. Joz ranki, after gain-
ing a victory, with undisciplined but
most devoted troops, at greater odds
than the English army had to con-
tend with at Inkermann, had the op-
portunity of withdrawing into Galicia
without getting cut to pieces, and
availed himself of it. But Lelewel
like Langiewicz, after his march from
Gosetz against the Russians, had
gone too far into the country to be
able to retire quietly; nor, indeed,
was he of a retiring disposition. His
band met with much the same end as
that of Langiewicz, except Langie-
wicz gained every one of his last
three battles, and at the last of all
put his enemy to flight. Lelewel,
however, like Langiewicz, has kept
fighting for three days in succession,
and, after the third, found himself
hemmed in by greatly superior num-
bers. I allude on this last occasion,
beaten the Russians, as Langiewicz
beat them at Grochowiska, his men
must have fallen asleep, perhaps even
died of exhaustion, the day after-
wards. The poor fellows had not
only to combat the Russians, but
also to resist the inevitable demen-
s of nature, and it is not wonderful
that they at last succumbed. On the
31, immediately after his entry from
Galicia, Lelewel defeated the Russians
in a fair fight, though, it will, of course,
be said that they retreated for strateg-
ic reasons. Probably they would not
have retreated if they had been victor-
ious, but, at the same time, it may
have formed part of their plan to let
the celebrated leader, if they could not
overcome him in a first engagement,
penetrate to the very heart of their
position. However this may have
been, on the 4th and 5th, when the
Poles were congratulating themselves
on the admirable success with which
their daring and seeming invincible
chief had taken his 800 new men across
the frontier, and were speculating
hopefully as to numbers of the united
forces under his command, on both
those days Lelewel was struggling to
escape from the Russian web, in which
he was already entangled, and on the
6th he was fighting a hopeless battle
for his life. Lelewel was one of those
officers who joined the insurrection
from the very beginning, and he may
have been conscious that, with the ex-
ception of Langiewicz, he had rendered
greater service to it than any other
leader. He fell, sword in hand, re-
ceiving two bullets, in the belly almost
at the same time, and died a death
which was not only glorious, but happy,
and enviable, as compared with the
death that has befallen so many of his
fellow laborers in the same field; such
as Cieskowski, wounded, and after-
wards strangled as he lay on his sick
bed; Padlewski, taken prisoner and
shot; Frankowski, horribly wounded
and left for dead; and then recalled to

life, imprisoned for weeks in the War-
saw citadel, and ultimately shot; and
the unhappy Serakowski, wounded,
captured, half crazed in the hospital
of Wlaza, and then dragged to the
scaffold to be hanged like a criminal.

The loss of the greater part of Le-
wel's detachment, and, as a conse-
quence, the probable not such a show
to the insurrection as the loss of Le-
wel himself. Other chiefs regard as
he will no doubt arise; but they can-
not all at once gain the prestige which
attended to his name, and which in-
spired such confidence to his followers,
and such fear to his adversaries, that
with a very small body of men, if they
had only eaten a little and slept a lit-
tle the day before he could cut his way
through almost any number of Rus-
sians.

From the Nashville Dispatch.
Our "Native Women."

Mr. B. F. Taylor, the correspond-
ent of the Chicago Tribune, and with
Ro-cerans' army, writes on the 16th
ult. as follows:

"Picture a human female in a dress
hanging limp, with the look and
grace of a dishcloth on a fork, and
resembling in tint the inkly map of
the benighted portions of the globe;
an unmarried female with the mod-
esty of a cow, a piece of tobacco in
her mouth, and two batches of child-
ren at her heels, and you have the
counterfeit presentation of several I
have seen. They first quartermas-
ters, commissaries, commanders of
posts; their hungry looks attest the
nature of their errand, and their in-
cessant 'I've cum for sich's you've
got,' always meets a response in the
shape of 'hard tack' and bacon from
our large-hearted Uncle Sammel's
locomotive pantries. The men are
with the Rebel armies, and the women
are starving. All through this val-
ley, the miserable inhabitants have
no prospect of food for the coming
winter but the bounty of the Govern-
ment. These people are free to talk
and to 'a howl' that the 'Yanks' are
not the terrible fiends they had fan-
cied them, if any thing so high-footed
as fancy can be predicated upon any
thing so lifeless as these poor crea-
tures. They all indulge, when they
can, in the practice of which so many
disgusting pictures have been made
—the practice called 'dipping.'—
Take a little stem of alfalfa, chew it
into a bit of a broom at one end, dip
it in snuff, sweep your mouth out with
it, and leave the handle sticking out
of one corner, like a broom in a mop-
pal, and remember all the while that
it is in a woman's mouth, and you
have as much of the fashion as I pro-
pose to describe. Just here and now,
tobacco and not cotton, is king. No-
gones will sing dance, or cry for it,
and the siftings of a soldier's pocket
are eagerly scraped up by the natives,
and the little brooms speedily 'raise
a dust' in it."

We have seen a number of just
such caricatures as this of the women
of Tennessee. These writers press us
"lively imagination," and do not fail
to bring all its qualities in request
when writing about our "native wo-
men." These writers cannot find one
in a thousand of all the women they
have seen in Pensacola, by the
greatest stretch of "fancy," would be
recognized as the original of the de-
scription we have quoted. Such car-
icatures may please the rabble, but

they must surely disgust the sensible
portion of the readers of the journals
in which they appear.

[To the comments of the *Dispatch*
we have little to add, save that no
writer possessing the instincts of a
gentleman would paint "an unmarried
female" with "two batches of child-
ren at her heels" as possessing "the
modesty of a cow." If the truth were
known, we risk the opinion that this
B. F. Taylor had or has very little
respect for her at whose heels he ran
in childhood. ED. SENTINEL.]

A CAPITAL R TORT.—Charles XII,
king of Sweden, was once riding
near Leipzig, when a peasant came
and knelt before him, to request jus-
tice from a groveller who had robbed
him of his finger. The king ordered
the soldier to appear.

"But true," said he, with a sterna
voice, "that you have robbed this
man?"

"Sir," said the soldier, "I have not
done him so much injustice as your
majesty has done his master; you
have taken from him a kingdom, and
I have taken only a turkey from this
fellow."

The king gave the peasant ten
ducats and ordered the soldier for the
boldness of his witty retort, saying
to him, "Remember if I have dispos-
essed Augustus of a kingdom, I
have kept nothing for myself."

THE SULTAN'S CARTE DE VITE.

What photograph has multiplied
and made familiar the likenesses of
most of the crowned heads and other
notabilities, it seems that the Sultan
has kept exempt from this popular
popularity. A monster petition, cov-
ered with 25,000 signatures, has re-
cently been presented him by a depu-
tation of sixty persons, representing
nearly every section of the native
population of the capital, praying
him to sit for his photographic por-
trait, that copies of it might be cir-
culated over the empire. The mem-
bers of the diplomatic corps also joined
in the request by a separate peti-
tion. After hearing both requests,
the Sultan expressed his readiness to
comply with their petition.

An educated man ought to know
three things: First, where he is—that
is to say what sort of a world he has
got in to; how large it is; what kind
of creatures live in it, and how; what
it is made of. Secondly, where he is
going—that is to say, what chances or
reports there are of any other world
besides this, what seems to be the na-
ture of that other world. Thirdly,
what he had best do under these cir-
cumstances—that is to say, what kind
of faculties he possesses; what are the
present state and wants of mankind;
what is his place in society; and what
are the real means in his power of
attaining happiness and diffusing it.—
The man who knows these things, and
who has his will so subdued in the
learning of them, that he is ready to
do what he knows he ought, is an edu-
cated man; and the man who knows
them not, is *uneducated*, though he
could talk all the tongues of Babel.—
Irish in

BIRRE have a tongue than one
you can't govern. So with a family

How TO TREAT CHILDREN.—Child-
ren real, live, plump, jolly, roly poly
children—are as scarce as sensible
grown up people. Little, thin, nar-
row shouldered, angular, pale intellec-
tualities are common enough. It is
your healthy tom-bay that is the rari-
ty. What woman was ever less deli-
cate in soul or pure in heart because
she tore her frocks and climbed trees
when she was a child? Real, wily,
childish romping, with ringing laugh-
ter and twinkling feet, merry dances
and family frolics—this is the stuff
out of which wholesome manhood
and womanhood is made. Children
who are under conviction of sin at five

years of age, die of brain disease, or
live with hypochondria to torment the
life out of all around them. Sad is
the family that has one or more of
such. I don't doubt the mother of
the G. A. C. C. was a sad comp. and I
more than suspect Fortia of immense
tom-bayhood. Such healthy natures
couldn't have developed otherwise.

Pity an love the little children.—
Tolerate these pets. Comfort Nelie
over her dead bird, and don't call
Molly's "little white-kitty" a "cat."
It is enough to break a juvenile heart
to have one's darlings snubbed. How
would you like to have your own
Frederick Augustus called a "dirty
young one?" The little ones have
their tragedies and comedies, and
laugh and weep more sincerely than
you do at Falstaff or Lear. They
love, marry, keep house, have child-
ren, have weddings and funerals, and
dig little graves for dead mice in the
garden and mourn into small white
handkerchiefs, and get brother Jim
to write an appropriate inscription for
its tiny head board. Is not this hu-
man nature in little, and in its small
way as deserving of certain respect?
You don't despise your own reflec-
tions in a concave mirror, you know.
Cherish the children; mend the
frocks, don't scold them for broken
toys—for man is not more inevitably
mortal than playthings. Don't strip
their fat shoulders in winter, nor roast
them in flannel in dog days, because
somebody told you so. Don't dangle
them, don't "yark" them; don't
stuff them with pastry, or starve them
on chippy bread; don't send them
to infant schools at three, or to fancy
balls at ten, nor teach them the com-
mands earlier than they can remem-
ber "other Goose."

HIGHWAY ROBBERIES.—Bill Hew-
lett, formerly of the Confederate ar-
my, and latterly of the Federal army,
as we are informed, in company with
two other men dressed in Federal
uniform, were engaged on Saturday
afternoon and Sunday morning, in
robbing everybody they met on the
Channon and Murfreesboro' Pikes,
breaking into houses, etc., etc., until
on Sunday evening they were a rest-
ed by some soldiers and brought into
town. During the two days named,
they robbed some thirty or forty per-
sons, sparing neither age, color, nor
sex. When such men are enlisted in
the service, they ought to be prop-
erly taken care of, and kept under close
and strict discipline. We never had
any faith in such characters as sol-
diers, and experience has failed to
change the opinion we always enter-
tained that only honest men can
make good soldiers, confirmed thieves
are only serviceable to the enemy.—
Nash. Dispatch 18.

The Sentinel.

T. C. FITZGIBBON, Editor.



I have always dreaded to provoke reason, but never individuals.

COLUMBIA, TENN.

MONDAY, November 2, 1863.

THE WAR

"This is, indeed, a war for the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws—nay, for National existence—against those who have despised our honest friendship, deceived our just hopes, and driven us to defend our country and our homes. By foul and willful slanders on our motives and intentions, persistently repeated, they have arrayed against us our own fellow-citizens, bound to us by the triple ties of consanguinity, geographical position and commercial interests.

Let no man among us be base enough to forget this, or fool enough to trust an oligarchy of traitors to their friends, to civil liberty and human freedom. Voluntary exiles from home and friends for the defense and safety of all, we long for the time when gentle peace shall again spread her wings over our land; but we know no such blessing is possible while the unjust and arbitrary power of the rebel leaders confronts and threatens us."

MAJOR GEN. ROSECRANS' letter to the General Assembly of the State of Ohio.

All Safe.

Latest intelligence from Washington report the army of the Potomac all safe. Gen. Mead has been superseded, and Gen. Sedgwick, it is rumored, has been assigned to the command. Poor and noble Sedgwick!

McClellan, Buell, Rosecrans and Meade, Generals of transcendent genius and vast military acquirements, shelved to gratify the venality of some regal rebels at Washington! Whose turn next? We have our fears of our gallant and intrepid old commander, Grant! Heaven save him from his friends—he will take care of his enemies.

Gen. Rosecrans.

Gen. Rosecrans, the idol of the army, the hero of many battles, the hope of our distracted country, has been superseded! No language or effort of ours could do justice to our own and comrades' feelings. Our hearts, like our banners, droop, and not daring to unbridle those feelings, drop the pen and yield unwilling acquiescence to the sentence of those who have shrouded and selvaged with unutterable grief the souls of thousands of brave men.

In Good Luck.

Geo. M. Dewey, of the Niles (Mich.) Inquirer has, after a laborious petitioning campaign of two years, succeeded in procuring the Route Agency of the M. C. R. R., and is thus complementarily noticed by Bond, a brother quill of the Ann Arbor Argus.

GEORGE M. DEWEY, of the Niles Inquirer, has been appointed Route Agent on the Michigan Central Railroad.—"This reminds us of a story," and that is of a letter said to have been written by a hopeful westerner to his ambitious "parent" down east. It read in this wise: "Father, come out to Sangamon county, Illinois, for mighty mean men get office here." We think that office seekers are either getting mighty scarce in this State, or that some dirty work is being prepared for on the Central road.

The Elections.

We have heard—"slightly"—from the Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa and Nebraska elections. They didn't go democratic—quite.—Mich. Argus.

Had the powers at Washington but "developed their intentions" upon the life and honor of our hero-chief (Rosecrans) before the elections, the victory would not be on the side of the Administration—quite.

Gen. Gordon Granger, who distinguished himself at Chickamauga, was an uncouth lad at West Point, but has proved a splendid officer. Bold, fierce, energetic and enduring, and as fearless as man can be, he is now the beau ideal of a corps commander.—The Mexican war proved the metal of the rough country boy, and the present rebellion has developed his talents still further. He is the only officer in the United States Army who was invited by the Duke of Wellington into the presence of royalty at the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1851.

We are in hopes that he is not on the high road to glory and "insanity" as was the case with Shields and Rosecrans after their defeats of Stonewall Jackson, Lee and Bragg.

The Boston Traveller is disposed to be "a bit of a wag." That paper says: "Sleep is sweet, but it isn't right for a whole company of cavalry to go to sleep at the same time, and have all their horses stolen. This actually happened the other night at one of the Federal camps, the enemy cleaning out the camp, and clearing out with all the horses of the drowsy-heads. They didn't leave a solitary horse to save neigh to the proceeding. The sleepers were probably wide-awakes of 1860, who have not quite recovered from the fatigues of that memorable year."

The theft was committed on the Potomac.

"THE SENTINEL."—We have received several copies of a neat little paper bearing the above title, published at Columbia, Tenn. It is ably and spiritedly edited by Major T. C. FITZGIBBON, of the 14th Michigan Infantry, who was formerly the late editor of the Detroit Guardian. We very much regret that the Major has become a little abolitionized, but presume it is a "military necessity."

—*Manitowoc (Wis.) Pilot.*
The Pilot is mistaken. Believing with the great and lamented Douglas, that there were but two parties to the strife—patriots and traitors—we discarded one and espoused the other. We believe that the insane and rabid abolitionist is as great an enemy to our country as the "peace democrat," and while we combat the latter, we do not wish to be understood as embracing the former. Our old friend of the Pilot must know us too well to believe that any necessity would induce or compel us to suborn our soul to the wish, or shape and "trim" its aspirations, to gratify the whim or mean ambition of any man, or set of men. However, if our judgment directed us into the abolition camp, we would feel less the reproach of honest men than in pursuing the course of those who, like the editor of the Pilot, forget their country in their zeal for party.

A special dispatch to the Pittsburg Commercial states: "Notwithstanding the denial of Washington papers, it is a fact that the question of the settlement of the impending difficulties between the Northern and Southern States, without further bloodshed, has been under consideration both in Washington and Richmond. It will be shown shortly that the government has either accepted or rejected a plan proposed, to try to bring the war to a speedy conclusion, without dishonor to the North, or humiliation to the South."

We pray there may be some truth in this, for our woolly elephant has cost the nation blood and tears enough.

A singular and daring elopement occurred in Rochester, N. Y., on the 9th inst. As a young lady and her mother were walking in Exchange street, a young soldier marched up, threw the laugh over his shoulder, put her into a carriage and drove off. They proceeded to the house of the minister and were properly married. The young man had striven for two years to carry his affianced, and only succeeded by this bold proceeding.

That's what might be literally termed "carrying a breastwork" by storm.

Correspondence.

Curious Letter From an Old Bachelor.

OCT. 22nd, 18' 3.

EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL:—The mysteries and miseries of life oppress me, and a sorrow looses its poignancy in earnest sympathy, I am in hopes that you, editor of the Sentinel, will extend me a moiety. I ask none of the ladies, for being one of those deservedly scorned creatures called "old bachelors," I deserve it not. All republicans—wild and wreckless people—hate men so unpatriotic as those who remain single all their days. Students of history will remember that by the laws of Sparta those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age were excluded from all offices civil and military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision, and led like felons around the market place. Although age was respected—a politeness lost sight of by "young America"—yet this feeling was not manifested to old bachelors. "Why should I make way for you?" said a Spartan youth to a grey-haired old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the same honor when I am old."

The Spartan spirit is being revived in our day, for it is not true that some ladies of this learned burg possessing an Athenian or Athenian spirit offered indignities to some old bachelors in your Regiment? For myself, I ask no personal favors: I have long since defied fate. *Fame* I look upon as a childish passion—a boyish folly. Like vain and mean ambition, it has rained sorrow and anguish and blood upon the world; and now that I have passed the age of passion, I am content doting the folly of my earlier years. Like all truth loving, outspoken, honest, upright men, I am unpopular with my neighbors; and though I possess a moderate sprinkling of education, a heart that can feel and a brain to conceive, I have never been honored with the slightest token of their regard. It was no fault of mine that I am thus singled out as the legitimate game of abuse. Could I find a girl who would or could love me, for my personal merit,—charms I never possessed—I would have wed and been faithful to her. But the generality of woman love "show," gaudiness—the gew-gaws and trinkets of unripe manhood. Your brainless flatterer, your "fashionable" libertine whose hair and boots received their exquisite polish from the revenue of the gambling table, I found to be a more pleasing and agreeable ladie—man than an honest man like myself, who was the architect of his own fortune.

I was deemed foolish and uncouth because I chose the garb of the honest citizen to that of the dandy; and when chance or invitation threw me into the society of ladies, they felt indignant and said I was "rough" because I spoke truth unpalatable to "refined" taste. Politeness, I have learned, consists in educated nonsense and small talk—in making the world believe that what is, is not. Animals such as dogs and cats profit by experience: though born blind, their eyes open on the ninth day. Having like man, a natural instinct, they will if placed upon a wall, tumble off without any effort to avoid danger, when young. Grown older, they learn and do differently. Not so with man: many among us never open our eyes to surrounding dangers and difficulties, always confident in our own ignorance, and never descend to instruct ourselves from the stern and inexorable logic of transpiring events. The woman who kicked the red coals with her bare feet to gratify her bad temper was deemed senseless; but what is the difference between her and those of modern times who drive their friends and husbands and brothers

into untimely graves to feed an insane prejudice? Therefore I say that man is the same spiteful, revengeful creature to-day he was in the days of Pontius Pilate; and I have an opinion that if the "Carpenter's son" and the humble Fisherman lived in this age, they would be crucified and stoned as imposters and public enemies.

But I must arrest my pen: I have gone too far already. Windy essays are seldom read, and I fear me that if I extend this humble contribution much longer, the object of my seeking your acquaintance will fail of its purpose. I have a few thoughts that, from week to week, I desire to communicate an unobscure to you of the Sentinel, and the fact of the appearance of this will be sufficient guarantee to me that I am favorably received by you at least. Keep my name inviolably secret, so that my words may be taken for what they, not I, may be worth.

MO ONIA.

[We are glad to give place to "Mononias" thought, and if memory serves us right we have seen the traces of his pen in other columns than ours. Come to our sanctum, that we may see and know if there be any thing revolting in your countenance. We keep a full wampum all the time, to smoke away care and sorrow.]

ED. SENTINEL.]

Spicy Letter From an Old Schoolmate.

The following letter, though not intended for publication, will repay perusal. It is from an old and valued friend of ours connected with the Telegraph Constructing Corps, now sad and sick in hospital at Nashville: NASHVILLE, Oct. 27th '63.

FRIEND FITZ:

When parting from you last Aug. I promised to write to you; be assured it was anything but neglect prevented me. I have not had time, through the eventualities of half a lifetime since, and but ly lived; for death gave me a very close chase; but as Burns says: "I turned a nawk and slipped him by." It is not a pleasant theme at any time, a record of miseries, though it seems a conviction with some that they are delighting their friends by giving the minutest detail of their personal sufferings and calamities. Wine however, is not all of that kind, though it did come near winding me up.

After leaving Columbia we were ordered out on the Chattanooga railroad to run a second line along that road from Nashville to Chattanooga. This was a job of the most difficult nature on account of the great number of supply trains at irregular intervals. It required every eye and ear in the intire party to be at the strictest attention in order to save our hand-cars; in fact, it was a harassing business. We commenced at Nashville and had got as far as Murfreesboro when in the meantime Rosecrans' army had moved and the battle of Chickamauga was fought. We were very summarily stopped and started off for Bridgeport to run a line from there to Chattanooga across the mountains as the R. R. line was in the hands of the rebels. We arrived at Bridgeport, but what a place! Fourteen months before, I was here, there were a goodly number of houses and some stores, but now there is not even a solitary farm house to be seen, and indeed it was with difficulty anything could be seen. The weather was extremely dry and it seemed as if the earth was undergoing a process of pulverization, and nothing but dust, dust, dust, to be seen felt or heard. The trees were loaded with dust, the grass was buried in dust, the niggers were turned white with dust, and nothing around, above or below but dust. You might stand and see a great avalanche of dust approaching steadily and evenly, wondering what

it could be, you would wait until it came near, and by peering closely through it you would discover a body of cavalry moving in the center of it. There was no spring water to be got, nothing but the almost lukewarm Tennessee; the sun was blazing hot, and truly did I wish myself away from the dusty, thirsty, sunny South. We got away from Bridgeport the latter part of September, and then came on scenes that old Jeremiah only could do justice to. We had got about ten miles when the rain came on, and such rain; day and night it rained with us, yet we continued to work. We passed through a town called Jasper, completely deserted by its original inhabitants. Its only occupants then were mules and teamsters, horses and soldiers, and by their combined ingenuity poor Jasper was fast changing its complexion; consumption and dissolution were manifest in all its parts.

We reached about 28 miles and getting into the mountains about the 2d or 3d of October, the rain ceased, the weather was growing cool and though I was sick from a severe cold every thing began to look better, when, Heavens and earth! the cry of rebels came ringing along the road, and a general stampede came thundering along. Soldiers, teamsters, niggers, mules, horses and wagons in one promiscuous and continuous stream. It seems the rascally rebels crossed the river between us and Chattanooga, captured a supply train of over six hundred wagons and burned them about four miles a head of us. A trip to "Richmond" is anything but a pleasant prospect and every one ran for the dear life. The rumor was that this was a movement in force to cut off Rosecrans. We reached back to Jasper towards evening, tired and hungry. Our wagons were plundered of everything but the tents and by the Federal teamsters, for the rebels did not reach them. Our baggage, including rations and everything of personal property was taken, and we were left nothing but the working clothes on our backs. We lay down that night on the floor of an empty house without any covering, and next morning I was crippled when set in a heavy fever. Towards the evening of the next day some rations came to us from Bridgeport, but I could eat nothing. I struggled to work and got a short way in the mountains when I gave out.—Galvin got me into a farmer's house where they agreed to keep me until the party returned from Chattanooga. I was there seven days without eating anything, with a raging thirst and fever consuming me. I hated the thought of being buried in those mountains and could not bear to think of death.

It is very curious to me now how clear and vivid my memory and recollections were. There was one very strange incident occurred to me that surprises me even now: I was one night wide awake in bed, when I heard some wounded soldiers, who were in the room with me, saying that the 14th Michigan was coming over the mountains. In about an hour after I distinctly and clearly heard you and Capt. Fitzgerald of the 10th Ohio at the door enquiring for me, and Peter Dunn came into the room and coming near my bed in the dark saying where is W—ly'ng. I called to him and to you, and got out of bed as well as I could when I found you were going. I came near hurting a wounded soldier when the landlord came in and put me into bed again; but the impressions of the night remained, and next day I could scarcely, in fact, I could be convinced you were not there. In about seven days the party returned from Chattanooga, and all were a little better than myself, were skeletons; they were literally starved. Some of them did not recover since and never will. I got into a wagon as I was, and came back to Bridgeport once more. It had

by this time been well washed with rain and looked fresh and clean towards when I left it last. On a freight train we started for Nashville and after two nights and a day arrived here, I got into hospital in the Masonic building near St. Cloud Hotel, and after two weeks residence I am getting round pretty well. This ends the Jeremiah-

The removal of Rosecrans has struck every one here with astonishment. None could understand the cause of the removal until the N. Y. Tribune enlightened the world by the intelligence that Rosecrans was asleep in Chattanooga while Gen. Thomas was fighting the battle of Chickamauga. The patients of this hospital are for the most part those who were wounded at Chickamauga, numbers of whom saw Rosecrans on the field.

The removal, you may depend, will be attributed to no good purpose by the rascally copperheads of the North, but good honest Abolitionists like you and me know right well that it was from a pure motive, "though we can't see it."

Some say that Gen. R. got too many men killed, not like our honest pure minded Gen. Banks, whose prudence is beyond all praise. He is the General above all others who will bring his army where the enemy can not get at them; he will always make sure to keep himself and his men out of harm's way. The Copperheads abuse him and say he is no general, but Englishman said the great Napoleon was no general, but let anyone who doubts go to Massachusetts and they will soon find out whether he is a general or not. Even the niggers there can tell what he is, that he is the greatest man of the "present age."

I have but little more to say or communicate. By the way, though less numerous than formerly, dark "African descent" continue to flit this way, they still seek a doubtful refuge with the "Father of the faithful." It often strikes me that the children of said father do not much resemble those of the great ancient of that title, especially in regard to the proclamations of Deuteronomy which saith they must not eat of the swine. Now, my landlord of the mountains declared to me that in his neighborhood were much swine, and he, himself, had been a man of many pigs, but alas! they were all gone, all devoured by the followers of our Abraham. There are more small items in my mind but I am tired as I must finish this letter without stopping, for I could not perhaps get another chance at the writing table for several days again.

I remain with sincerity yours,
P. K. W.

CITY FACTS AND FANCIES.

THE SENTINEL.—After a good deal of marching and countermarching, the *Sentinel* once more stands upon its old ground, watchful and faithful to its mission as heretofore. Though the stern orders of a superior officer forced us to evacuate our position, we are back again, proud and buoyant and defiant as ever promising that we will outlive the new kingdom of N-ggerdonia. Let our exchanges make a note of this and greet us with their presence once more. "Richard is himself again!"

PRISONERS.—The jail of this city is crowded with robbers, highwaymen and murderers, captured in the last week. They go by the name of guerrillas, and have been under the gallant leadership of Cooper, Barnes, Williams and Kelly. So soon as the military or railway authorities of Nashville send us means of transportation we will rid this city of as ripe a set of rascals as ever embellished the catalogue of scoundrelism.

THE "ATHENEUM."—We were in a pensive mood Tuesday evening last, the result of bad weather, we suppose—and everything surrounding us being in consonance with our feelings in a semi-conscious state we took a stroll through the grounds of an educational institution in this city known as the Athenaeum. The proprietor being no doubt, a masterly scholar, scorned the innovations of modern lexicographers, clings to the ancient mode of spelling the lyceum of the renowned capital of Attica, substituting the diphthong æ for "e" in the final syllable. But like its historic namesake of old, sacred in story as the nursery of poets, philosophers and rhetoricians—of science, of art and literature—it is crumbling to decay and ruin. And, alas! from the same cause—the self-debasement of the people. The gates swing drowsily on their rusted hinges; the gravel walks are bespattered with the decayed eaves of the trees and shrubs that dimly hang over them; the fountain of water without, as well as that of knowledge within, are choked with the dregs of the atmosphere—moral, and political; the palace of the "muses" is deserted, its soul and life and light having flown, and all that now surrounds that once elegant nursery of innocence, art and learning might collectively blend their sympathies in the intransitive verb, *I sleep*. It is sad to tell and trace the cause or causes of all this. It is needless to say that it was not there rebellion was born though, indeed, its spirit may have found a home and resting place within the breasts of its votaries. Its proprietor, Rector Smith, is at present suffering the penalty of the folly of rebellion, being in arrest for treasonable overt acts against the *de facto* Government, which, as a "Professor of Law and Arts," it was always his business as well as his duty to teach obedience to.

But we cannot blame Rector Smith. It is his failing, not his fault. His head may not be destitute of information, but judging him from what we have heard, it is crowded with false ideas. Illusion in him fills the place of reason. Misfortunes that are caused by low cunning or intrigue, may excite a momentary sensibility, soon leave us cold and indifferent; but misfortune which as in his case, is the result of imprudence, excite our pity and appeal to our sympathy. Let us deal leniently with such: they err in head, not in heart. "Deal gently with the erring."

Our "friends" at home cannot be said to be feather-bed soldiers. They are learning to "camp it" already.

About 20 men are encamped in the vicinity of Houghton Lake, Newaygo Co., Mich., ostensibly for the purpose of hunting, fishing, &c., many of whom cannot set a trap or load a gun. It is suspected that they are hunting for a hiding place from the draft, more than any other kind of game—three young scamps of the same sort, claiming to hail from Cleveland, while on their way up the river to get out of the reach of the Provost Marshal, robbed the clothes line of a widow in Newaygo. They were arrested and sentenced to a fine of \$15 each and 10 day's imprisonment.

COMING TO THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.—The late raids into Niggerdonia has hurried hundreds of that class of citizens who "never done anything for the rebellion" to Provost Marshal Nixon's office, where they renew their oaths of loyalty to the Republic. From those who have taken the oath of allegiance nothing is "realized," harmed or touched, the "big poppies" of Davidson affording ample means of "food and carry go" for our force, and not without good reason. Sergt. Rosenberg of the Provost office informs us that within the last week 255 persons took the oath of allegiance, giving bonds to the amount of \$670,000.

WOOD—A WORD FOR THE POOR.—The "premonitory symptoms" of "winter's cold blast" warn us of the necessity of providing against it. Perhaps since the settlement of this city the poor thereof were not so ill prepared for the severities of winter as at present, and charity and humanity alike demand that they shall not be suffered to want or perish. It matters little that many of these are the families of rebel soldiers. They are human beings as susceptible of the pangs of hunger and want as their rich neighbor. Money of all kinds, and current funds especially, is scarce, and it will be beyond the power of the poor to purchase wood at the high price demanded.

The Post Commandant has, we believe, the power of levying upon rich rebels for the support of the poor whom their folly and wickedness have left dependent, and we trust and pray he may exercise that authority. It needs no great amount of labor to secure comfort and warmth to this class of our citizens this winter, as Earl Van Dorn has left a sufficiency of felled trees in Mrs. Brown's farm, opposite this city, to supply the county. A "military necessity" was urged by the Earl and not objected to by the patriotic widow; and the same "necessity," differently applied, will, we are sure, be not objected to by the loyal owner and the needy citizens. Teams and negroes enough can be pressed to supply the entire community in one day. Let it be done speedily and generously.

OF COURSE.—The ladies of this city have an abhorrence of the *Sentinel*. So long have they been ignorant of the truth that they fear to hear it spoken or see it written. Truth, stark naked, is an indecent creature. A bad case, like rotten eggs abides no hauling.

SENT TO NASHVILLE.—Friday morning Capt. Magill brought 61 prisoners from the jail in this city to Nashville. More are left, their papers not having been made out. The prisoners were taken in arms, and belonged to Wheeler's scouts, Biddle's cavalry and Cooper's guerrillas and robbers. If we except Gen. Wheeler's scouts, under Capt. Campbell, they showed little fight when captured. The scouts were a noble looking and brave body of men, and though being attacked suddenly with an inferior number of picked men emptied their carbines and revolvers before they surrendered. The scene of conflict was near Cambellsburg, about 20 miles from here, and being completely locked in from escape were charged upon and the entire company, excepting one wounded man, who was shot in the leg by Lieut. John M. Clarke, were captured. They were finely uniformed, splendidly armed and mounted. In a scout of three days and nights, a detachment of eighty mounted men of the 14th, under command of Major Fitzgibbon, killed, wounded and captured ninety-one prisoners, travelling over one hundred and seventy miles, without the loss of a man or horse to the 14th. The officers who accompanied Major Fitzgibbon in this expedition were: Capt. Arthur E. Magill, Lieutenants John M. Clarke, A. P. Sinclair, Joseph Kirk and Nicholas Devereaux. They carried neither blankets nor rations, fed upon prominent rebels, and strange as it may seem neither officers nor men slept during that time.

The horses and arms of the prisoners fell into our hands. Seventeen conscripts, dragged from their homes at dead of night, were recaptured, released and sent home to their families rejoicing. All's well that ends well.

The letter of "Michigan Girl" will appear in our next.

"NATHUR OATH NOR PAROLE."—Sunday evening last as the commander of the Post and other officers were enjoying the luxury of an aromatic Punch (cigar of course) in front of headquarters, a soldier was seen approaching from the picket line with a ponderous African bayonet's length ahead of him. Coming direct to where Col. Mizner sat, and raising the left hand high as the middle band of his shouldered rifle, he politely said:

"Kurnel, a prishner!"
"What the—did you arrest him for?" said the Col.
"He came to our lines, sir, without havin' taken neither the oath ov al-laygance or parole."

"You don't want negroes to take the oath—do you?"

"They're no better than white people, I'm thinkin'."

The Col. seeing that he had a "character" to deal with, and wishing as always to indulge the humor of a well conducted and brave soldier, went on:

"The negroes, you know, did not make war upon us."

"Bedad they made it for us!"

Having no desire to enter into the merits of the question, the Col. smilingly added:

"Well, they are willing to fight for us too."

Bringing his piece to an order, placing both hands on the muzzle and resting his cheek thereon, he cast a ferocious look at the negro by his side, and in a voice that would have done credit to Stentor, asked: "Do you want to fight?"

The negro, perhaps imagining it a challenge to personal combat with the soldier, sleepily drawled out—"O no, massa, I's apeaceful nigger as fights nobody."

"Don't master me, you miserable cracker!" said the soldier, "I wouldn't be king of a world of your sort," and surveying the negro from the "wool on the top of his head" to the piece of flannel wrapped round his toes, continued:

"—your sowl, why do you refuse to fight in a war you and the likes o' you are after makin'?"

"O massa, I makes no wa'; the white folks what owns us blacks made de wa' cause you Yankees wouldn't let 'em hab all de country fo' us te lib and wo'k in. Dat wat's de matter."

That knocked the soldier's argument into what he mildly termed a "cooked hat," and shouldering his rifle started back to his post in quick time, as the hearty and loud guffaw of the negro rang in his ears.

KILLED.—In charging through the town of Mt. Pleasant on Thursday last, a noted and notorious guerrilla named Edward Smith, refusing with an oath to halt when commanded to do so, was shot through the heart and died instantly. This Smith was from Chicago, Illinois, where his parents, who we are informed, are in high standing, reside. Before the rebellion broke out he was engaged in Rail Road business here, and being a "Northern man" received passes on several occasions from Gen. Negley ostensibly to visit his home but really to aid in the release and escape of prisoners at Camp Douglas, he being supplied with necessary funds by their friends here. By this means he let loose upon community some of the worst men that ever infested the country, while he himself joined with the murderous gang in whose companionship he fell a victim to retributive justice. He was a very bad man, and taken suddenly before his Maker has to render an account for the murder and hanging of Union citizens and negroes, many of whom have fallen by his own hands. The citizens of Mount Pleasant had him interred on Friday morning.

POLITICAL AND PERSONAL.

Joshua G. Wright, a prominent lawyer of Wilmington, N. C., died there on the 17th at the age of 54.

The marriage of a daughter of Victor Hugo "with an English officer of distinction," is announced in the foreign papers.

Hon. Pierre Soule has been appointed a Brigadier General in the Confederate Army, and ordered to take the field.

The Democratic majority in the 1st Congressional district of Ohio in 1862 was 1,127. Brough's majority in the district is 2,847.

Three editors of the old Nashville *Banner* have been killed in the rebel army. The last one was Lt. Col. Beaumont, of the 60th Tennessee.

James L. and Adelbert Earl—father and son—belonging to the 13th Michigan Infantry, both fell on the bloody field of Chickamauga.

Col. Berdan, of sharp shooter notoriety, has not been dismissed, as stated. The charges against him were answered satisfactorily.

The King of the Greeks, brother of the Princess Alexandra, is now on a visit to England, where he shortly proceeds to his new-found dominions.

Foreign papers announce the recent death of Sheepshanks, the magnificent donor of a magnificent gallery of pictures to the British nation.

The next Legislature of Kentucky will choose a Senator in the place of Senator Powell. Dr. Breckenridge, Judge Adams, Sixth Auditor of the Treasury, Guthrie, Bramlette and Barnham are talked of for the place.

Mr. S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, has written a letter to Hon. Moses F. Odell, an offer to raise 200 men for the Brooklyn 14th, proposing, as his part of the work, to contribute the sum of \$10,000, to be divided among them—\$50 to each man—in addition to other bounties.

Another important French political pamphlet has appeared in Paris, written by M. de Bilegne, a member of the *Corps Legislatif*. It is entitled "France and Mexico," and argues that on the cession of the Archduke Maximilian to the throne the work of France would terminate, and the French troops should be withdrawn.

American actresses are doing well abroad. Miss Kate Bateman made her debut at Adelphi Theater, London, on Thursday, the 2nd of this month. The *London Times* devotes an article of nearly two columns to the subject. Mrs. Key Blunt has also been playing Lady Macbeth in English at Paris, though, of course many had to be content with the action of the piece.

Among the dead at the battle of Gettysburg was found a Union soldier holding in his hand an ambrotype with the picture of three children. Nothing else was found upon his person by which he might be identified. His grave has been marked, however, so that if by any means this ambrotype will lead to his recognition, he can be visited. This picture is now in the possession of Dr. Burns, No. 1104 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

Gen. Warren, the hero of the recent movements of the Army of the Potomac is quite a young man. He graduated at West Point, the second in his class, in 1846, and was appointed into the Topographical Engineers. He has risen with great rapidity, and is regarded as one of the best corps commanders in the army. Cool, brave, indomitable, alike cheerful in sunshine and gloom, he is a soldier every inch of him.

A Large Farm.

Those who believe that the negro is the greatest "institution in the world" will profit in studying the following sketch of an Illinois farm which we copy from the Chicago Tribune. We know the industrious proprietor intimately and well:

Mr. T. Sullivan of Champagne county, Illinois, owns a farm which is seven miles long and five and a half wide; it contains twenty-two thousand acres. In May last, eleven thousand acres of this farm had been enclosed, and sub-divided into fields of a section or two, more or less, each. He had a large force building fence, and a month later he expected to have twenty thousand acres enclosed with board fence. He depends mainly on raising corn and breeding cattle for profit; and has at the present time over five thousand head of cattle. Of the eleven thousand acres above mentioned, eighteen hundred were devoted to corn, three hundred to winter wheat, forty to oats, and fifteen hundred to meadow. The rest are in pasture. Twenty-two thousand bushels of corn were sold at forty-two cents per bushel this spring amounting to over nine thousand dollars. There are also four thousand and recruiting on this farm. Seventy-five span of horses, seventy-five yoke of oxen, and some mules are used for working it. Each department of this great farm is under the charge of an able farmer. A blacksmith shop repairs all the iron parts of the implements, machines and tools; a carpenter shop is constantly occupied with the woodwork; a cook feeds the army of hands, and the great dining hall is under perfect systematic management; the gardener raises tons of vegetables for the men; forty ploughs are under the charge of a man constantly in the saddle, to see that each ploughman has his allotted work, and every thing is in running order and the whole is under the charge of a general superintendent, who reports daily to the proprietor. Accounts are kept of everything, and at the end of the year it is known with perfect accuracy what every bushel of corn has cost, how much labor every man has done, and in what direction the greatest profits are made.

WANTED TO KNOW.—The name of the tune that was played upon the feelings?

If the cup of sorrow has a saucer? In what form does the phantom of doubt appear?

What is the fine when people become intoxicated with happiness?

Why other men should not have a forge as well as a blacksmith?

How many men have bolted from the course of true love?

If anyone was strangled who hung on a doubt?

How many dutiful sons belong to another church?

If the light of the other days was gas or electricity?

The name of the Irishman who got to the top of the morning?

If keeping fast day don't destroy many a road of chickens?

If any one ever felt fatigued after the exercise of forbearance?

If the girl who clung to hope hadn't a slippery hold?

The Boston Traveller says: "Neal Dow is to be exchanged against John Morgan. This is an unfair arrangement, for General Neal Dow has no more military capacity than belongs to the town pump, while Gen. Morgan is a clever soldier, possessing dash, energy, and powers of endurance, all things that are necessary to make a good raidman. Gen. Dow could not better serve his country than by staying in prison in order thus to keep a capable enemy shut up."

Why England Avoids War with the United States.

The London correspondent of the New York Times writes:

The Emperor has been more than civil to Mr. Stillel, while Earl Russell has been much less than civil to Mr. Mason. Mr. Stillel in France from all accounts, is as well treated as if he were a recognized envoy. Mr. Mason, except on his first arrival, has not been able to get a private interview with Earl Russell. Shall I tell you the reasons for this difference? There are several. One is the proximity of Canada to the United States, and the similar proximity of Mexico to the Confederacy. England hopes to keep the one; France has taken possession of the other. England is determined to avoid a war with America. For this the Government stopped the Alexandria, and so stretched the law in doing it that the Court of Exchequer decided against it. By a similar stretch of law, the Government is stopping the iron-clads in the Mersey. The Government will do everything that can be done to avoid giving offence to America. It earnestly wishes for peace. No one can tell the terror of a war with America that has seized upon the English Government and people. It has taken the bluster out of the Times. It amounts to a panic. It is illiberal, and more than ever so, since the effect of the American artillery in the siege of Charleston. It cost England \$10,000,000 to bring Mason to England, and now they are only too happy to see him pack up his trunks at No. 24 Upper Seymour street, and take the train for Paris. It is the 200 pounder Parrots that have done it. It is the fact, now evident enough that there is not an English ship afloat, or an English fortress as yet, that can resist such artillery—and the fact, also, that the best gun the English have got is a 68 pounder.

The Custody of Captured Property.

The Secretary of War has issued a general order in which he states that the President orders—

First—All houses, tenements, lands, and plantations, except such as may be required for military purposes, which have been or may be deserted and abandoned by insurgents, within the lines of the military occupation of the United States forces, in States declared by proclamation of the President to be in insurrection, will hereafter be under the supervision and control of the supervising special agents of the Treasury Department.

Second—If owners of military departments, districts and posts, will, upon receipt of this order, surrender and turn over to the proper supervising special agent such houses, tenements, land and plantations, not required for military uses, as may be in their possession or under their control, and all officers of the army of the United States will at all times render to the agents appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury all such aid as may be necessary to obtain possession of such houses, lands, tenements and plantations, and to maintain their authority over the same.

The following amusing bull was perpetrated at Bristol: A magistrate asked a prisoner if he were married. "No," replied the man. "Then," rejoined his worship, and pats of laughter, "it's a good thing for your wife."

We see it stated—we know not upon what authority—that one of the fifteen shells dropped by Gen. G Moore into Charleston shivered to pieces a statue of John C. Calhoun, erected in front of the Court House there.

Getting a Family.

The La Rosse (Wis.) Democrat says that a German named Hoeflich, residing five miles west of La Crosse, was married in Portage in November, 1860, to a healthy German girl. The week after they moved to Minn-sota, on the farm which they now occupy. In August 1861, Mrs. Hoeflich gave birth to three boys, two of whom lived. In June, 1862, he gave birth to three boys and a girl, two of the boys and the girl living. On the 5th of this month she gave birth to two girls and a boy, all of whom were, as late as Tuesday of this week, alive and well. Ten children in less than three years is pretty good, even for this vicinity. The parents are proud of their success in the family line, and point with pleasure to their company of German infantry. Government cannot afford to draft the head of that family.

THE FAULT OF NOT REINFORCING ROSECRANS.—The effort to throw the responsibility of the failure to reinforce Gen. Rosecrans in season upon Gen. Burnside, has proved abortive. It is now well ascertained that Gen. Halleck, although urged at the time from high quarters to order Burnside to join Rosecrans immediately after occupying Knoxville, declined to do so, and only issued the orders, for failing to obey which, Burnside has been censured, when it was too late.

The defeat of Rosecrans has come upon us in consequence of the steady practice of Halleck—

1. To scatter our armies.
2. To fight battles, accordingly with fewer men than the rebels have, who concentrate theirs.

3. To have no two armies move together, which lets the rebels concentrate first against one and then against the other.

Since the day Halleck was commissioned to the present he has been a drag weight on the Union cause.—*Detroit Free Union* (Abolition).

FAMILY RECORDS.—The Post office in a town in Dixie was kept in the garret of a tavern, a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and indelicacy than for his manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of his boon companions, when the Methodist minister, a new comer, entered and asked for letters.

Old Skip spoke up bluntly:

"Are you the Methodist parson, just come here to preach?"

"I am," pleasantly replied the minister.

"Well," said Skip, "will you tell me how old the devil is?"

"Keep your own family record," replied the minister, and left the house amid the roars of the company.

A lady in Philadelphia advertised for a girl. Not long after, a most elegantly attired and genteel lady called upon her, and inquired very minutely about the place. All her questions were politely answered, it being supposed that she desired to recommend some one. At last she said, "Well, I'll inquire, and see if any better place offers; if not, I'll come and try it." "I'll leave my girl, in case you wish to send me word." And throwing back a thickly worked black lace veil, which had been down, disclosed a bright mulatto, she took out a card, and, with a courtesy, left. On the embossed card was written, "Miss Lavinia, Lady Attendant, Laundry Department, C. H."—possibly Continental Hotel.

"Is it, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," was the reply, "nothing just about here; but the school-master is down the hill yonder—you can pop him over."

WHISTLING.—Next to laughing, whistling is one of the most philosophical things which a fellow in good spirits can indulge. Whistling is a popular prescription for keeping up the courage—it might better be said good spirits. Some genial philosopher has well said on the subject: "Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly but works more instantly. A whistling collier will earn as much money again as a cord-walker who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. A man or a tricycle man never whistles. Those who attack whistling throw a stone at the head of humanity and would, if he could, rub June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to."

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you have only a shilling a week is to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbors alone; good luck is to fulfil the commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only work but wait. They must be patient and persevere. Hence must be taken care of, because they are seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own door ways clean; try and help other people and to avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.—*Dr. Erwin's Letters.*

NO DRAFT IN IOWA.—The "Hawkeyes" can show an equally honorable record with the "Suckers." By a late exhibit from the War Department, it is proved that Iowa has furnished upon her of 3327, and since the date of that exhibit the number of enlistments will swell the surplus to about 6000. Hence there will be no draft in Iowa under the present order of the War Department for a draft. Iowa is ahead of the orders made up to the present date, and the patriotism and pride of her people will doubtless keep her head of all further orders of the government for any draft.

A Chippewa squaw, 120 years old, was recently seen at Abercrombie, by a correspondent of the St. Paul Press. She is, they say, the great great great and thirteenth great grandmother of an Indian and half-breed progeny numbering hundreds, the gray progenitrix and spring head of the numerous Red Lakas. She was the temporary wife of a young French hunter about a century ago. His name was Messon, and he old, old beldame calls herself Elizabeth Messon. The correspondent says: She hobbled about, crutch in hand, with an agility more becoming a blooming maiden of eighteen than a lady of her mature years. But her face was positively the oldest face—the oldest, flabby, age tattooed, wrinkled, reticulated, parchment of a face one ever saw on a human being.

An Irishman, in describing America, said: "I am told that ye might roll England through it, and it wudn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water clean inside that ye might drown old Ireland in, and as for Scotland ye might stick it in a corner, where ye'd niv'r be able to find it out 'cept it might be by the smell of whiskey."

THE LESS THE BETTER.—"I say Brown, what a close shaver Jones is! Why, he'll quibble about a cent!" "Well, what is he doing?" "I'm sure the less one quibbles about, the better."

"Ah!" said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe in the Bible?" Said the old man, "I do believe in the Bible. Do you believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country exists." "Then thee wilt not believe anything thee or others hast not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brain?" "No." "Ever see a man who'd see them?" "No." "Does thee believe hee has any?" This last question put an end to the discussion.

A FINE young lady of eighteen, named Shepherd, has obtained a verdict of \$7500 damages against a wealthy young farmer named Potter, for breach of promise of marriage, at Rochester, N. Y. The young lady did not wish to bring the suit, owing to the unpleasant notoriety it would create, but her guardians determined that the false hearted lover should suffer for his meanness.

A Boston correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* says that the negroes at that point have great faith in the triumph of our arms before Charleston, and as proof thereof, says some of them are even delaying to take unto themselves new wives, in the hope that their old ones may be captured with the city.

A preacher in Illinois, giving a familiar account of the prodigal son's return, dwelt touching upon the father's cruel remarks when he saw the son after he had returned. "The son had not yet got beneath the western hickory tree. There, in his easy chair, before the door, sits the aged father, reading the paper!"

The New Haven papers are describing a gorgeous hearse built in that city at a cost of \$1,400. A contemporary thinks it is not likely the cold people there will be impatient to get a ride in it.

Wars are to the body politic what dreams are to the individual; they may sometimes prevent a sudden dissolution, but if frequently resorted to or too long persisted in, they heighten the energies only to hasten death.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, John," said the young lady, "you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

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